

... THE ... Converted Catholic

EDITED BY FATHER O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."--Luke xxii: 32.

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to Evangelical Christianity.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Portrait of Rev. John B. Devins.....	258
EDITORIAL NOTES—The Converted Paulist —Mr. Moody on Prophecy—Romanism Must Yield to Christianity—First Protestant Service in Porto Rico—Superiority of Pro- testantism.....	259
A Letter from a Priest.....	261
The Philippine Islands.....	262
Converted Spanish Priests.....	264
Letter from a Spanish Priest.....	264
Sermons by Morgan and MacGregor.....	265
Lessons from the Fig Tree.....	265
Our God a Consuming Fire.....	267
John Knox's Prayer.....	269
Rev. John B. Devins.....	269
The Sure Word of Prophecy.....	270
Strong as Death—A Story of the Huguenots War With Spain—Father O'Connor's Letters to Cardinal Gibbons.....	285
The Pope's Soliloquy.....	287

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN the verses from Psalm 146 that ap-
peared in the August CONVERTED
CATHOLIC the word "that" in the first
verse printed was a printer's mistake,
which was not perceived until many
copies had come from the press. The
verse should read: "Happy is he whose
hope is in the Lord his God." It is a
good verse for all Christians, and es-
pecially for Roman Catholics whose hope
is in the Church and who have not
found happiness there. The number of
such Catholics is increasing every day
in our country, and there is no mission-
ary work that will produce better re-
sults than leading them to a knowledge
of the Gospel of Christ, which, as Paul
says, "is the power of God unto salva-
tion to every one that believeth." The
Lord Jesus will send the Comforter to
all who accept Him with mind and heart
as Saviour, and their hope, built upon
Him, will make them happy in the Lord.
The power that has held Catholics in
bondage, separated from their Christian
neighbors and acquaintances, will be
broken—it has received a severe
blow in this war with Spain, which the
papal press of Europe said at the begin-
ning was to be a religious war—and
they shall be free.

We would ask respectable priests like the gentleman whose letter appears in the next page to believe that what God promises is true, and to test the truth for themselves by taking to the Lord in prayer the difficulties and burdens that press upon them when they cannot conscientiously remain in the Roman Catholic Church. We know too well what their fears are when contemplating such a step, but we know also that God will not forsake them. He will care for them.

The Converted Paulist.

Our friends the Paulist Fathers have not ceased to wonder at the conversion of one of their number, the Rev. James T. McGovern, who is now well known to the readers of *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*. In another letter received last month from Mr. McGovern from Mexico City he speaks in glowing terms of the work that has opened for him in that city in collaboration with the Rev. Mr. Sloan, the devoted Baptist missionary in Mexico. Brother McGovern's love for Christ's Mission continues with unabated fervor. Dear to his heart, he says, is the place where he learned of the fulness of the love of God and where the Saviour entered into his life. Next month's *CONVERTED CATHOLIC* will have a portrait of Mr. McGovern.

Mr. Moody on Prophecy.

The lucid and comprehensive address by Mr. Moody on "Prophecy" which we reprint from the *Northfield Echoes*, is longer than the articles we usually publish, but it is so good that we are confident our readers will be pleased to see it all in one issue of this magazine.

The sermons by Drs. Morgan and Macgregor, with their unique pictures (for which we give hearty thanks to the *New York Observer*), will be acceptable as specimens of the addresses delivered by these masters in Israel at the Northfield Conference this year.

Romanism Must Yield to Christianity.

The Pope did not finish his soliloquy when he fell asleep. If he had remained awake we might learn what he thinks of Archbishop Ireland's efforts to have a Roman Catholic appointed one of the peace commissioners to arrange the details of the departure of the Spaniards from Cuba and Porto Rico, and the disposal of the Philippine Islands. Archbishop Ireland, who is in Washington, tells the newspaper reporters every day he visits the White House what great things he and the Pope are going to do to reform religion in the Spanish colonies that have come into our possession. He wants to head off the reforms that Protestant Christianity will inaugurate in those islands. But he is too late. Romanism cannot be reformed in any country. It carries in its heart the seeds of decay. It must give place to Christianity.

First Protestant Service in Porto Rico.

For his comfort the Pope fell asleep at an opportune time, for if he had remained awake a little longer he might have heard the news contained in this press dispatch:

"PONCE, PORTO RICO, Aug. 21.—To-day, the Sabbath, the liquor saloons were closed, and for the first time in the history of the island, there was a public Protestant religious service."

Surely the closing days of Pope Leo are filled with gloom. May he turn to the Lord for comfort. By repentance for his sins and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ he can be saved. By renouncing his claim to infallibility—which is the sin against the Holy Ghost, who is the teaching power in the Church of Christ—and casting his care upon the Lord, whose mercy endureth for ever, he will find comfort in his last days and rest for his troubled soul. That is the Saviour's promise to all men: "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

Superiority of Protestantism.

The blow inflicted upon Spain in the war just closed will affect the Roman Catholic Church everywhere. Spain was the great Catholic country of the world, and would continue to be so regarded if this young Protestant nation had not chastised her for her crimes against humanity by inflicting such awful punishment upon her as the destruction of her fleet and the capture of her colonial possessions. Now every intelligent person admits that Romanism has been a factor in the degeneracy of Spain. When measured with Protestantism its defects appear so glaring that honest Catholics cannot shut their eyes to the contrast. Hence large numbers of them in this country will sever their connection with the Roman Church, and public men and politicians will not pay court to the prelates and priests as formerly. Even the Spaniards cannot help perceiving the superiority of Protestantism in all that goes to the making of men and nations.

A Letter from Another Priest.

CINCINNATI, August 8, 1898.

Rev. James A. O'Connor:

DEAR SIR:—From the JUNE CONVERTED CATHOLIC which has been presented to me by a friend at the suggestion of Professor Rudolph, a former priest, of Clyde, Ohio, I learn that you have befriended many priests who grew weary and disgusted with the teachings and methods of the Roman Church.

Such a priest, likewise, am I, and so I beg of you a few words of brotherly advice regarding the steps I should take in order to gain that holy freedom which God intended that we should all enjoy. I am thirty-four years of age. It is over five years since I was ordained a priest.

Reading such books as "Sacerdos Vagabundus" [which appeared serially in THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC last year]

and Father Chiniquy's works has brought me to see where I stand spiritually; and the question with me now is—a very important one—if I leave the priesthood how shall I make an honest living and help to promote God's glory and spread His true Gospel? You know I can expect nothing but insult and persecution from the Roman Catholic clergy and laity if I refuse to officiate as a priest. I must soon decide one way or the other, and therefore I hope you will answer this letter.

Of course we could give this priest no other advice than to leave the Roman Catholic Church immediately. That is the first step to be taken, and we so wrote him on receipt of his letter. The best way for a priest to withdraw from the Roman Church is to notify his bishop that he can no longer conscientiously officiate at ceremonies which are a mockery of the religion of Christ. This is what Fathers Watry, Lambert, Ferrando and many others have done. Such a manly course will bring a blessing from God and win the favor of men. Christ's Mission will help this priest in every possible way, even as it has helped others, to learn the truth of God and the simplicity of the religion of Christ. It will also help him to obtain such a position in life as he is fitted for by natural gifts and as God shall direct him. The English Dominican priest, Father Devona, who came to Christ's Mission in July, has been greatly blessed by the Northfield Conferences. He attended all the meetings last month.

The prayers of God's people everywhere are earnestly requested for these priests and for Christ's Mission.

As the work of Christ's Mission grows so does the responsibility of conducting it increase, and the co-operation of Christian friends is more necessary. The Mission is filling a most useful place in the Christian work of our day.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE Spanish colonies in the Western Hemisphere, Cuba and Porto Rico, which are now in the possession of the United States, and over which the Stars and Stripes wave as proudly and peacefully as in any State of the Union, are well known to the American people. But the Philippine Islands, which have also come into our possession since the surrender of Manila to Admiral Dewey on August 13, are not so well known. Hence the following facts regarding them will be of interest.

The Philippine Islands constitute an archipelago in the southeast of Asia, extending from 4 to 20 degrees north latitude, and 116 to 126 east longitude. The China Sea is on the west and north, separating them from China, and the Pacific Ocean is on the east. The area of the islands is estimated at 120,000 square miles, or approximately that of Japan or of Great Britain and Ireland. They number 1,400, and their population is about 10,000,000. The Island of Luzon, of which Manila is the capital, is the largest, its population being two-thirds of the whole Philippine group, and its area nearly one half. Mindanao, on the extreme south, is next to Luzon in size, about 36,000 square miles. The length of the entire group is 800 miles.

The Philippine Islands were discovered by Magellan in the year 1521, and fifty years later came under the dominion of Spain. In 1595 the islands were formed into an ecclesiastical province by Pope Clement VIII. with the archbishopric of Manila and four suffragan bishoprics. But the religious orders had entered the islands when the Spanish government took possession. The Augustinians were established in the Philippines in 1565, and they are still the most numerous and powerful of the religious orders. The Franciscans followed next, in 1577; then the Dominicans,

in 1587; and the Recollects, or Strict Franciscans, in 1606. The Jesuits had been in the islands from an early date, but they quarrelled with the other orders and were compelled to leave. They returned to the Philippines in 1852. Nuns of various orders are established in the islands. As in all the Spanish possessions, the Roman Catholic Church had been most powerful in the Philippines. The civil government was subordinate to the ecclesiastical. No governor or captain-general could rule without yielding to the demands of the priests. Even General Weyler when at the head of the government of the Philippines was compelled to resign at the dictation of the Archbishop of Manila and the monks. Blanco also had to retire because he would not submit to clerical rule, which was supreme over all the islands. The priests taxed every person and everything they could lay their hands on. In the press of this country and England for the last three months the "rule of the monks" has been shown to be as unlimited and corrupt as that of the Roman Church in the middle ages, and the vices of that period have been duplicated by the priests in the Philippines. The London *Times* of June 4 published a communication from a correspondent in Madrid in which it was stated that the monks were responsible for the evils that led the inhabitants of the Philippines to revolt against the Spanish government, as the people of Cuba had done. It is asserted, said this correspondent, "that the religious orders have abandoned the simplicity and poverty which once characterized them, that they have become rich and tyrannical, and that they are in great measure responsible for the insurrection which has now disturbed the tranquility of the islands for several years."

In summing up these evils the correspondent affirms: "The Spanish mis-

sionaries, by their unlimited theocratic power; by their disastrous intermeddling in every branch of the insular administration; by their insatiable greed, crass ignorance and traditional antagonism to the education and progress of those oppressed peoples, and by their abuses and immoralities of all kinds, have brought about the unquenchable race hatred, continued misfortunes, and anti Spanish faction, which now exist in the islands."

It was ever thus where the Church of Rome has had unlimited power. It has kept the people in ignorance and degradation while lording it over them in the name of the blessed Saviour, who came to lift up the fallen, to succor the distressed, to give relief to the ignorant and unfortunate, and to make all, of every nation, who believe in Him and come to Him, children of God in obedience and love. Christianity has been, and is, the power of God to transform even savage races. Romanism has made them more savage.

The inhabitants of the Philippine Islands are of many races, but chiefly of the Malay tribes—the Tagals, whose language (Tagalog) is spoken by a majority of the population, and who are in large numbers in the cities. They are a stalwart race in comparison to the other tribes, and though nominally Roman Catholics they mingle their pagan superstitions with their religious rites. The monks do not object to this, provided the people continue submissive to their rule. Other tribes in the Philippines are the Visayas, the Igolotes, the Negritos, and many which are still in the darkness of paganism. In all the Philippine Islands there were no Protestant missionaries before Admiral Dewey entered Manila Bay on May 1st and destroyed the Spanish fleet. In the July **CONVERTED CATHOLIC** we quoted from the *Missionary Review* that "a few years ago the British and For-

eign Bible Society sent a colporteur and a converted priest to the Philippines. The priest was killed, the Bibles confiscated, and the colporteur was obliged to flee for his life." Now it is the monks, who would not allow a Protestant missionary on the islands, that flee to the protection of Admiral Dewey from the wrath of the people whom they have so long misgoverned. Last month an appeal came to President McKinley from the Pope himself to protect the priests and the interests of the Roman Church in the islands. A great and open door for missionary work in the Philippines and in Cuba and in Porto Rico is presented to the Mission Boards in this country, and we are happy to say that already steps have been taken by them to enter those countries.

Many imagine that the independence of Cuba will insure peace, prosperity and happiness to that island. So it was thought and said by English statesmen when Catholic emancipation was granted to Ireland seventy years ago. But Ireland is still "the most distressful country that ever yet was seen," disturbed by political agitators, chief of whom are the priests. So it will be in Cuba and the Philippines unless the power of Rome be broken.

At a social meeting of the Presbyterian Alliance in Washington, D. C., the Rev. Dr. T. S. Hamlin said: "When we look across the sea we are moved with horror at the barbaric cruelty of the land of the Inquisition, and with pity for the people held in the superstition of mediæval darkness." The deliverance of these people from such "darkness" and the presentation of the "Light of the World" in the blessed Gospel should go hand in hand with the victories which God has given us. With the Spanish yoke forever broken, the churches in America should be ready to send missionaries to our new possessions

CONVERTED SPANISH PRIESTS

BESIDES Father Ferrando there are several converted priests who are successful missionaries in South America. In Spain itself many priests have been converted, and some are bearing testimony to the truth of the Gospel of Christ even at the peril of their lives. Last month we received a letter from a Christian friend in Barcelona in which he refers to the good work of Don Pedro Salas, a converted priest, in that city. Father Salas, he says, is one of the foremost writers in Spain. Many pamphlets have come from his pen which the Religious Tract Society of London have published through their Madrid agency. As Salas reads English our friend requests us to send him *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*, which we shall be most happy to do.

Our friend also referred to another converted priest in Barcelona who has published a pamphlet giving his reasons for leaving the Roman Catholic Church, which is sold in the bookstores of Barcelona and other Spanish cities, and a copy of which the author has sent to us. The following letter from this priest was also enclosed in our friend's letter. It was translated from the Spanish by Father Augustine Baumann, the monk of the Passionist Order who is determined to make war on the big monastery in West Hoboken, N. J., into which he was beguiled when he was fifteen years old, and whose articles exposing the monasteries appeared in this magazine last spring.

Letter from a Spanish Priest.

BARCELONA, SPAIN, July 8, 1898.
Rev. James A. O'Connor:

REV. & DEAR SIR:—Here in Spain, whose antiquated institutions only permit us to move along slowly in the ways of civilization and progress, it is absolutely impossible to make one's voice be heard or to speak one's mind

in public without exciting persecution, leading at times to personal danger.

In spite of all this I, the undersigned, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, a preacher of some reputation for years, a licentiate in philosophy, and a missionary in South America for six years, breaking all the ties that bound me to the Church, have dared to raise the banner of primitive Christianity in the midst of my former co religionists and compatriots who still cling to their antiquated ideas.

You will understand, dear sir, the rage and indignation which I aroused by my heroic conduct, and by the book which I recently published and which I have the honor to dedicate to you.

Being alone here, abandoned by all, persecuted and distressed, I am obliged to flee from Spain and to look elsewhere for men with sympathetic hearts and generous souls who may aid and protect me. But where shall I find them?

Providence has come to my rescue, and seems to have made you the chosen instrument of God, by and through whom Roman Catholic priests, who in pure faith and sincerity turn their backs upon the old fables of Rome, and wish to help to extend the kingdom of Christ, may be encouraged in their labors and continue them with zeal and energy.

I therefore address myself to you, reverend and dear sir, to ask your advice and to beg for your efficacious protection. God who looks into the hearts of men, and who does not leave a cup of water unrewarded if given in His Son's name, will recompense you for the favor which is requested and expected of you by,
Your humble servant,

MIGUEL LONGAS.

It need scarcely be said that such a letter aroused our warmest sympathies. We wrote to this converted priest of such fine spirit counselling and encouraging him as best we could, and we wrote also to our friend in Barcelona regarding him. Such converted priests would be the best kind of missionaries in our Spanish possessions, which we have just rescued from the blighted rule of Spain, and we shall endeavor to prepare them for missionary work in those colonies.

SERMONS BY MORGAN AND MACGREGOR.

LESSONS FROM THE FIG TREE.

BY REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

TAKE a story told a child and what is there in it? A man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard. The fig tree was in his vineyard, and he did what was perfectly natural and perfectly right; he came seeking fruit on it. A fig tree is for the production of figs. Now, you will forgive the simple things I want to say here, things you all know. I simply want to recall them to your attention. A man owns a tree, seeks figs, finds none, says that, failing to fulfill the only purpose for which it exists, let it be removed. There stands one between that righteous demand and the tree and says, "Let me have my opportunity, and if I can provoke that for which thou art seeking, well, and if not cut it down."

Now, of course, this parable only reveals to us certain phases of the great subject of the relationship of man to God, but it is with these phases I want to deal this evening. There are two things, then, to consider; first, the rights of the Proprietor with regard to every man and woman in this congregation; and, secondly, the plea of the Intercessor, the position that the Master Jesus occupies to-night in relation to every one of us.

Now, first of all, the rights of the Proprietor. What is my relation to God? I want to impress this truth, a truth that I think—and you must forgive me, because I am speaking largely for my own land in this respect; I don't know how it applies in this country—

but a truth that is being alarmingly lost sight of to-day is the truth of God's absolute sovereignty over the souls of men. Now, I am not dealing for the moment with all that lies behind it: the gracious, blessed fact of His character on earth. This is the fact that is the background that lends hope and brightness.

But what I want to impress upon you is the fact itself that God has absolute right concerning every one of us gathered here to-night to do with us just



REVS. MORGAN AND MACGREGOR.

what seemeth to Him good. He has the right of creation. It is an old story this, but needs repetition. He has the further right that comes to Him as the result of His preservation of us. A man said to me some years ago when I was conducting a mission, a man who stayed to an after-meeting, as man sometimes will stay, having been smitten by the Holy Spirit, and yet hardly knowing what the conviction meant that gripped him, said to me:

"I have nothing to thank God for."

I said, "Is that really your opinion?"

"Certainly," he said.

He told me what he possessed and what he had done and where he had risen from, and he said:

"I owe all I possess to my own unaided efforts."

There are men who talk like that.

I looked at him and said:

"My good friend, how much have you paid during the last thirty years for doctor's bills?"

"What has that to do with it?"

"Never mind," said I, "answer me."

"Not a penny."

"And yet you say you owe God nothing. Why you have had the capital to work on that nearly every man has to work on. God never gave a man a thousand pounds capital to start in life. He gives every man the same capital."

He had given that man his health, the strength, the golden sun, the fresh air. The devil never made two blades of grass grow on the face of the earth; all the beauty of the earth and all the supply that we have had all the days of our life come from God.

Man, woman, did it ever occur to you that if you are living a godless life and not producing the fruit that God requires, it is not only that you are failing yourself, but you are cumbering the ground? I was startled two years ago by something said to me in New York the first time I was there. I was walking along by one of the orphan asylums—one of the great homes for orphans you have there—and I said to my friend who was with me:

"It seems a sad thing, doesn't it, to think of all these fatherless and motherless bairns?"

"Sad," he said, "in the majority of cases; in this particular home it is a proof that God loves them—that He has swept the father and mother away to give them a chance."

My dear brother, do you know if you are living a godless life you are not going to give your bairns a chance? Did it ever occur to you that you are robbing your children? You are giving them the best chance you can for the things of this life, but you are living a godless life. It may be a providence to your bairns to have you taken away. You cumber the ground. Some one may get in your place and look after the children, and mould and fashion them for heaven.

But I thank God for the second half

of this parable. If I left off here I don't think I would dare preach it, because my own heart would condemn me. What can I do if I fail? A man said to me in my last mission: "I have been a dead failure, but I am going to turn over a new leaf." I said, "That is no good," and I say it to you to-night. If that is as far as I have gone, then I am done with it. I am just beaten. Supposing I turn over a new leaf to-night. People are always turning over new leaves. I will turn one over. All these mistakes, blunders, blots, miserable failures, I have done with—I will turn over a new leaf. Well, I will turn it over. I cannot write two pages without making some more blunders, but suppose I can work the book out clean now? Well, what shall I do?

Shall I give God that half of the book when I get to the judgment seat? It won't do. He will want to see the other half. My dear man, you can't undo it. It isn't thy tears of repentance or prayers, but, thank God, there is something. The blood atones for the soul.

But now, mark you, here comes the Divine Dresser, and He says, "Lord, let it alone, that I may dig about and dung it."

Who can speak of this? I cannot. We read it, you know in the light of the fact that He is there, and in the light of the fact that we know He intended those words should apply to us as well as to the man in that day. What did He mean by "Until I shall dig about it, and dung it?" Do you ask how has He done it? Go ask His cross. Fathom its meaning. Get into its darkness, understand its agony, and then know at what cost the Master has taken the right to say this: "Let it alone until I shall dig about it, and dung it."

But now I am going to talk this last minute or two to the men and women that are just saying as they sit here, "I have been a dead failure." You are

the men I am after. To the man or to the woman who says right here and now, "I brought no fruit to God; there is no reason in this world why God should not sweep me away right here and now, no reason at all," you are the man, you are the woman I am after, and I am after you in the name of Jesus, my Lord, my King, and my message to you is this: He is after you. He is better than my being after you. He is seeking you. Where? Where you are. In an after-meeting? No, in this meeting. "Where can I find Him? I would see Him," says some soul. "I want to get to Him, I want to find Him; I want His pardon and His power."

He is here. Where? Where you are. Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands or feet. Now do business with Him. Never mind the preacher. Never mind your neighbors. May God help you to forget everything except Him. He is here. Do business with Him.

"How shall I do it?" Just like this: "Jesus, I am just a dead failure. I have been awfully proud about what I have done and about what I have attained, but I am worth nothing.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bids't me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God I come!

Some one has said that. Some have come, and what has happened? "He that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Wherever a man or woman has gone along the lines of that old familiar hymn, that moment Christ himself has taken your case in hand, and He will take the book that you have put in His hand, and He will put His pierced hand over all the pages, and He will blot out like a thick cloud thy transgressions.

OUR GOD A CONSUMING FIRE.

BY REV. GEORGE H. C. MAC GREGOR.

First of all, I use this text as a word of terror. Now I know quite well that

this will displease some of you. You like a comfortable Gospel, a Gospel that is to carry you into heaven, hugging all your darling sins to your heart. You want a Gospel that will tell you that you may live as you like, that you may oppress the poor and despise the needy, set your heart on gain, and give reins to passions, and yet that at the end, when you have lived the life of sin, God will open the door of heaven because He is a God of love and admit you to the presence of the pure and holy. Brethren, I have no such Gospel to preach. I have no word of peace for you here today. You are turning the grace of God into lasciviousness, you are taking the very love of God for the pillow on which you rest while you wallow in your sins. You are despising the forbearance of God, not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance. You are living in sin and think to hoodwink God by the pretence of a religious life, and to enter heaven by a back door. I come to you to tell you that is utterly vain. I come by God's grace to awaken you as you never have been awakened before. I come to trouble you. God sends you trouble, man. God awakens you to the truth that without righteousness, without holiness, without genuineness, no man can see God. God is a consuming fire.

Now I give you these two facts to take home with you, and I pray to God to burn them into your soul. First, fire searches and fire reveals. Nothing tests like fire. Tried by fire is a synonym for real, genuine, pure. Fire brings out the true character of anything submitted to it. You have seen how the smelting furnace tries the piece of gold ore thrown into it. It seizes it, encircles it, penetrates it through and through. It bites into it, it sears and brings to light all impurities. Nothing escapes it. It burns and burns until all impurity is thrown aside, and nothing

remains except the pure gold, tried in the fire. Now, God is a consuming fire, and through that fire you, oh man! oh woman! will have to pass. What about your shame and hypocrisy now? No wonder the thoughts fill you with terror. Even now God is searching you. He knows exactly what you are. And what God knows He will yet make patent to the universe. Not a thought, not a word, not an act escapes Him; and, my brother, God will yet lay you as bare as the day you were born. What an unmasking it will be. All the wraps and rags of place and profession will drop off, and you will stand there bare, naked as you are with the fierce light of God playing on you. Can you stand such an unmasking? What if God lays you bare this morning before this congregation? You pass for a pure man. What if God revealed all yourself. Man, how your friends would stare and shrink from you as one diseased.

You pass for an honest, truthful, sincere man. What if God lay bare your business life? What would the city think of you? You pass for a religious man, and in many cases our religion is our masterpiece of hypocrisy. You may be a member, an officer, a minister, a leader, able to move the multitude, and with special unction in prayer, and yet a publican, scattering ruin and sorrow far and wide, an employer of labor, thoughtlessly making life bitter to hundreds, joined to the church, talking in the church, and yet ignoring the truth on which the church is founded, and trampling on the plainest precepts of the church's Lord. Scribe, Pharisee, hypocrite, tremble! God is about you, and God is a consuming fire. Fire searches and fire reveals.

But again, secondly, fire destroys. This is not a word of wrath, but a word of merciful warning. But it tells us an awful fact, and it has not a spark of mercy for those who continue impeni-

tent. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked." "The wages of sin is death." Between God and sin there is no compromise. Against the sinner finally impenitent, the nature of God, the very love of that God who gave Jesus Christ to redeem us, can only flash forth in destroying fire. I know you do not like this kind of preaching, but do not blame me for it. It is God's word, and I only tell you it if by any means it may lead you to renounce sin. The chaff He will burn with fire unquenchable.

But I pass from this to speak of the text as a word of comfort. This text contains a truth about the nature and character of God, but all truth about God, my brethren, must bring joy and comfort to God's people. The very same thing which makes this truth a terror to others makes it a joy to the believer; for fire searches, and our God is a consuming fire. What a comfort there is in this! Self examination is one of the very first duties of a Christian. To the follower of Christ, even more than to the disciples of Socrates, there comes the command. "Know thyself." But anyone who has attempted this work seriously knows how terribly difficult it is. The human heart is not easily known. Most of us are deceived about ourselves because the subtleties of our heart defy the utmost skill of our examination. We have tried this work and we have failed. But what comfort in the thought that God is going to try it, and He will not fail. What we cannot do our loving heavenly Father will do. Let us pray, then, this morning, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

If we would have this cleansing, this destruction of the old nature, we must abide in the fire. Gold is not refined by being put into the fire for a few mo-

ments, and then taken out again. The soul is not refined, except by continual union with God. But as we abide in Christ the power of the divine love cleanses the heart from every evil thing. "When He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." And here you see how the fire of the divine nature is Jesus, the love of the divine nature appearing on what is base. It is because God is love that He burns out the fault from our hearts. Shall we not to-day, then, yield ourselves absolutely to this love?

Burn, burn on, love within my heart,

Burn fearlessly night and day,

Till all the dross of sinful love

Is burned and burned away.

This leads us to our last thought. Third, fire transforms. Brethren, look at that poker, dull, black, cold. There it lies. Thrust it into the fire; let the fire play upon it and search it and into it. Now draw it out. What a transformation. No longer dull, black, ordinary, cold; but warm, bright and glowing. There is a picture of our life. Dull, black, cold by nature, we yield ourselves to God, and He enters us, possesses us, and all dullness and blackness and coldness are driven away and we glow with the divine warmth and shine with the divine light. It seems too good to be true, and yet God's Word says it, "Partakers of the divine nature." That is what it says. Well may the apostle say, "We know not what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

John Knox's Prayer.

The Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman pastor of the Metropolitan Temple (Methodist Episcopal), New York, in one of his addresses at the Northfield Conference this year compared John Knox, the converted priest and reformer of Scotland, with Elijah in his prayers. He said:

John Knox, a man similar to Elijah,

used to carry the burden of broad Scotland to God in prayer. He would often leave his manse, and in the kirk adjoining pour out his soul in supplication for the cause. One night, when he was thus occupied, his wife grew alarmed at his absence, and followed him. He lay all at length before the altar in the dim distance of the nave. "Now, Lord," said he, "Thou hast given me the one-half, give me the other." She spoke and begged him to come out of the cold church. "Ah, Mary," said the hero, "why didst thou interrupt me. I had just received the half of Scotland, and was waiting for the other half."

God gave him the other half before He called him up higher.

Rev. John B. Devins.

We are indebted to the New York *Observer* for the picture of the Rev. John B. Devins, who for many years labored successfully in gathering in to the fold of Christ many neglected souls in the congested district of New York on the East side, a large percentage of them being converts from Rome. Mr. Devins had been a reporter on the New York *Tribune* when the late Dr. Howard Crosby placed him in charge of Hope Chapel on East Fourth street, and he continued his work as a member of the *Tribune* staff while discharging the duties of pastor, missionary, counsellor and friend of all the poor and unfortunate in that part of the city.

He is now managing editor of the New York *Observer*. The admirable reports of the Northfield Conference that have appeared in the New York *Tribune* this year, as for many years past, are the work of Mr. Devins. He is a member of the New York Presbytery, and as he is in the prime of life the years of his labor in the cause of Christ and for the good of humanity promise to be many, and to be more fruitful each year. He is a warm friend of Christ's Mission.

THE SURE WORD OF PROPHECY.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN THE AUDITORIUM AT THE NORTHFIELD CONFERENCE
ON JULY 10, 1898, BY D. L. MOODY.

I WOULD rather have faith in the Bible than all the gold of the Klondike. Faith in God's Word will carry us through many a storm and many a conflict, and I pity any man who has lost this faith. I don't know of any portion of Scripture that will tone up a man's faith in the Bible like the fulfilled prophecies.

More than six hundred in the Old Testament have been remarkably fulfilled. There are over two hundred fulfilled predictions in regard to Jesus Christ. In fact, there was not a thing that happened to the Son of God when He was on earth that was not prophesied from seventeen hundred to four hundred years before He was born in Bethlehem.

Some of the prophecies were very hard to unravel. For instance, there was a prophecy that He should be born at Bethlehem, that He should be called out of Egypt, and that He should be called a Nazarene. What man could unravel that? And yet, see how God took care of His own word! Augustus Cæsar sent out a decree that the whole world should be taxed, and the whole Roman world was set in motion to bring the Virgin Mary to Bethlehem, that her child should be born in that city just as it had been prophesied centuries before. Then Christ was taken off into Egypt to escape Herod's wrath, and when Herod was dead God called him out of Egypt to dwell in Nazareth. Do you know that the tax money was not collected until nine years afterwards? How was it that the Roman emperor should send out that decree and bring Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem at that time unless it was to fulfill Scripture?

Another thing about prophecy: The Bible speaks of it as being *a light in a*

dark place. Many a dark mind would be illuminated if men would just notice these prophecies. In his farewell address (2 Pet. ii, 21) Peter says: "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake *as they were moved by the Holy Ghost*." Now, if you want a fascinating study just spend a few months on the fulfilled prophecies of the Bible. It will tone up your faith in the Book.

I don't believe that any man or woman is fit for God's service who doubts any portion of the Bible. There may be things we cannot understand. That makes the Book all the more fascinating. If I could understand the Bible just as it is I would have got through with it forty years ago. I am glad there are heights I cannot reach, depths I cannot fathom, a length and a breadth I know nothing about.

A man came to me with a hard passage of Scripture and said, "Moody, how do you explain that?" I said, "I don't explain it." "Well, how do you understand it?" "I don't understand it." "How do you interpret it?" "I don't interpret it." "Well," said he, "what do you do with it?" I said, "I don't do anything with it." "But you don't believe it, do you?" "Yes, I believe every word of it." "Oh," he said, "I would not believe a thing that I could not understand and explain, or that I could not see through." "Well," I said, "do you understand higher mathematics?" I knew he didn't. "No," he said. "Do you *believe in* higher mathematics?" "Yes." "I thought you would not believe a thing that you could not understand and explain or see through? Do you understand Latin and Greek?" I knew he didn't. "No," he answered. "You

believe there are such languages as Latin and Greek?" "Oh, yes." "Well, I thought you would not believe a thing you could not understand?" Then I asked, "Did you ever see your brain?" "No." "How do you know that you have any?"

This was a man who would not believe a thing that he could not see. Now I want to tell you something: about all that college can do for a man is to show him that you hardly know anything. Of all the languages on earth you only know two or three, the best of you. You hardly know anything about astronomy. So, if a man will take the Bible and read the things he can understand, he will be greatly profited. Study the prophecies that have been fulfilled, and when you meet a portion not fulfilled leave it for a little while. God will open the Scriptures to you as you go on.

Look at the prophecies in regard to the three great cities that were mighty, like New York and London and Paris, in the days when the Old Testament were written, and see how they crumbled, as was foretold by prophets. First, take Babylon. Nebuchadnezzar, like Napoleon, had conquered nation after nation, and had brought wealth to Babylon, and made it the most magnificent city on the face of the earth.

Some writers say the city was enclosed by a wall four hundred and eighty furlongs square. The wall was eighty-seven feet wide and three hundred and fifty feet high. Twenty solid brass gates on each side opened into streets fifteen miles long, and one hundred and fifty feet wide. The beautiful Euphrates flowed through the city. But when it is in its glory, the queen of the earth, and Nebuchadnezzar was besieging Jerusalem and taking the great men captives, and carrying them off into bondage, see what Isaiah said (xiii, 19-22):

And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there: neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in *their* pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged.

Jeremiah says the same (lx, 13-26). I can imagine how the proud Chaldeans sneered at the Jewish prophet when he said that Babylon should be swept from the face of the earth! But, gentlemen, what is the state of that old city to-day? A friend going through the valley of the Euphrates some years ago tried to get his dragoman to pitch his tent near the ruins and failed. No amount of backsheesh could persuade him to do it.

"The Arabian shall not pitch his tent there and the shepherd shall not make his fold there." Although it is a very fertile valley, you cannot get one of the sons of Ishmael to pitch his tent near the ruins of Babylon. The prophecies have been fulfilled to the letter. Damascus still exists, Jerusalem still exists, and other cities that were not so mighty in the days of Babylon's prosperity still exist: but Babylon is gone. Why? Because God said it should go.

Now, take another city—old Tyre—a great commercial city. There is a prophecy in Ezekiel xxvi. Ezekiel lived about the same time Isaiah and Jeremiah did:

I will cause the noise of thy songs to cease; and the sound of thy harps shall be no more heard. And I will make thee like the top of a rock: thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon; thou shalt be built no more: for I, the Lord, have spoken it, saith the Lord God. Thus saith the Lord God to Tyrus;

Shall not the isles shake at the sound of thy fall, when the wounded cry, when the slaughter is made in the midst of thee?

Alexander swept that city from the face of the earth. Coffin, the correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, who went around the world after the war in 1868, told me that one night he came—not to the ruins of that old city, for there are no ruins there—he came to where the city once was. The sun was going down in the West, and the fishermen were pulling up their great big nets and spreading them out over the bare rock that had been scraped as clean as this floor. He said he took out his Bible and read, "It shall be a place for the spreading of the nets."

Men may cavil, men may laugh at the Word of God, but if God says anything there is no power on earth that can break His Word. When Christ said the Scriptures could not be broken He knew what He was saying. There would be a jubilee in hell to-day if the Word of God could be broken. Men and devils have been trying for six thousand years to do it. I don't believe that a man has an inch of ground to stand on when he speaks of his unbelief.

Now, there is another prophecy in regard to another city, Nineveh:

And I will cast abominable filth upon thee, and make thee vile, and will set thee as a gazing-stock. And it shall come to pass that all they that look upon thee shall flee from thee and say, Nineveh is laid waste: who will bemoan her? whence shall I seek comforters for thee?

How are you going to cover a thing up and make it a gazing-stock of nations? It seems absurd, and yet that statement is true. Nineveh was buried for twenty-five hundred years, covered up; but now they have dug up its ruins and have brought them to Paris and London, and you may go into the Brit-

ish Museum any day in the year except Sunday—thank God, they don't open it Sundays—and you will find people from all over the world gazing at the ruins of Nineveh. Doubt man, doubt yourself, but never doubt the Word of God. If there is a thing that you cannot understand, just wait—you may get light a little further on. Things dark to me a few years ago are as clear as the heavens to-day.

There is another prophecy back in Genesis (ix, 27): "God shall enlarge Japheth and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant." In that short sentence of three lines the whole human race has been divided into three classes, and men may cavil as much as they wish, but that division exists to-day. You will find that the sons of Ham have never swayed their sceptre over Shem or Japheth. More than half of the human family has sprung from Japheth, the youngest of Noah's sons. How can you account for it? In no other way than that God has said it.

Another prophecy in regard to Abraham: He came to be about one hundred years old. His wife, too, was old. The promise was given to him that he was to have children. They were to be like the dust of the earth and like the stars of heaven. Was there a man on earth that could believe this statement? It was hard for Abraham. He laughed at the idea that a child could be born to Sarah at her age. But angel after angel came and told Abraham that this should happen. Now, turn to Numbers xxxiii, and the fifth verse. Over four hundred years had rolled away since God made the promise to Abraham. His descendants had gone into Egypt and had been there four hundred years. The Egyptians had tried to break the Word of God and to blot out Abraham's posterity. Pharaoh had sent out an edict that the male children

should be put to death, but in spite of it they increased right along. And here in numbers we find them coming up through the wilderness and swaying mighty power. Nations that stood in their way had to flee or be crushed. When the king of Moab found they were coming to his land he sent off a thousand miles for a celebrated man by the name of Balaam and offered him great reward to prophesy against Israel.

I suppose in the history of the world there was never anything seen like that which Balaam observed when he came up on to the mountain there. He could easily see three millions people scattered in the valleys in their tents. I was in Chicago during the Civil War, and every once in a while a regiment from Minnesota or Wisconsin would come down through Chicago on its way to the front. The city used to turn out to welcome it. It seemed as if there was no end to a thousand men as they marched four abreast. And a thousand men scattered about in tents makes a great show; but just think of three million in those valleys!

Balaam comes. He looks upon that vast multitude. But instead of Balaam speaking the Almighty speaks through him. We call Balaam a false prophet; but if you will read Balaam's prophecies you will find that everything he uttered came to pass. You might say Balaam was a man who went to perdition backwards. He wanted to die the death of the righteous, but he would not live the life of the righteous. Covetousness overcame him. Here is his prophecy:

And the Lord put a word in Balaam's mouth [when God puts a word in a man's mouth, listen] and said, Return unto Balaak, and thus thou shalt speak. And he returned unto him, and, lo, he stood by his burnt sacrifice, he, and all the princes of Moab. And he took up his parable and said, Balaak the king of Moab hath brought me from Aram, out of the mountains of the east, saying, Come, curse me Jacob, and come, defy

Israel. How shall I curse, whom God hath not cursed? or how shall I defy, whom the Lord hath not defied? For from the top of the rocks I see him, and from the hills I behold him: lo, the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations. Who can count the dust of Jacob and the number of the fourth part of Israel?

It was only four hundred years before that God told Abraham his seed should be like the dust of the earth—"Who can count the dust of Jacob?" There were the sons of Ishmael, and the sons of Midian, and others besides the Israelites. Only part of Abraham's seed was there, stretched out over that great desert. And not only that—see what he says: "From the top of the rock I see him, and from the hills I behold him: lo, the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations." This prophecy was given three thousand five hundred years ago: "They shall not be reckoned among the people." The Jews are reckoned separately from everybody else, are they not? In two years we will have another census; they will reckon the Jews separately. Russia and England do the same thing. Bring an Italian over here, or a Frenchman, or a Scandinavian, or a Bohemian, or a Chinese, or a Japanese, and in a few generations his nationality is so wiped out you cannot tell what part of the world he is from. Bring a Jew here and keep him a thousand years—he is a Jew still. He doesn't mingle with the people. He "shall not be reckoned among the people." They are a separate people, and have been, just as it was prophesied away back nearly four thousand years ago by Balaam. God has put His mark upon them, so you can tell a Jew anywhere. Thank God, the time is coming when none of them will want to deny it. I have a profound reverence for a man who has the blood of Abraham in his veins. I am a descendant of Abraham by faith.

Now, take another prophecy. God says to Abraham: "I will make your name great." That is enough when God says it. Now, what in the world did Abraham ever do to stamp his name with immortality? Was he a great general? The biggest army he ever had was three hundred and eighteen. How Napoleon would have looked down on him! How Alexander would have sneered at him! He wasn't a great orator. You don't read of any great oration of his, do you? He was not a college president, or anything of that kind. He wasn't a great astronomer, or scientist, or statesman, but God said to Abraham: "Abraham, I will make your name great."

And isn't it great? It is the best known name on this earth to-day. That name is known more than Jesus Christ's, who was descended from Abraham. The Mohammedans make a great deal of Abraham. The old Persians and the Egyptians thought a great deal of him, and to day his sepulchre at Macphelah is guarded by the sons of Ishmael. When I was there in 1892, the Arabs spoke with bated breath, in a whisper, they had such a profound reverence for that name; they held it high. Abraham, the friend of God! Think of that name associated with the God of the Bible! We read of Napoleon the Great, Alexander the Great, Frederick the Great. Great, great, great! But the influence of these men has passed away long ago. God said he would make Abraham's name great. Didn't He do it? Men have tried to belittle it; they cannot. What can you say against that name? Nothing. You may try as much as you wish, but you can't upset God's word. Here is a word given by God to Moses out in the desert (Exodus xxxiv. 22):

And thou shalt observe the feast of weeks, of the first fruits of wheat harvest, and the feast of ingathering at the

year's end. Thrice in the year shall all your men-children appear before the Lord God, the God of Israel. For I will cast out the nations before thee, and enlarge thy borders: Neither shall any man desire thy land, when thou shalt go up to appear before the Lord thy God thrice in the year.

That little country was surrounded by the Philistines and the Ammonites and the Midianites and the Moabites and other eternal enemies of Israel. And for centuries here is a miracle wrought three times a year. Those nations all knew that the Israelites went three times a year to Jerusalem, that the males appeared before God to observe the feasts. The Lord said, "I will be your policeman, I will watch over your family." And that happened right along, century after century. Do you think it would not have been a reproach upon the God of Israel if the Bedouins, who sweep down even now upon people traveling through that country, had swept down upon their families and taken them off into slavery? God said, "When you go I will take care of your family and they shall not desire your land."

One other prophecy, a short one, in Daniel, ninth chapter, twenty-sixth verse: "And after three score and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for Himself: and the people of the prince that shall come shall destroy the city and the sanctuary." See how God guards His word: "The people of the prince shall come and shall destroy the sanctuary." When Titus besieged Jerusalem, he gave the Roman officers strict orders not to destroy the temple because it was so wonderful. They were to destroy only the city. Josephus tells us, however, that when the Roman soldiers got into Jerusalem a sort of frenzy seized them and they destroyed the sanctuary in spite of Titus' command. Daniel, five hundred years before, prophesied that they should do

it—not the prince, but the people of the prince. The fires on those Jewish altars were to be quenched. Man said no, but God said they should, and the fires went out because the word of God must be accomplished.

There is another prophecy in Daniel (xii. 4): "But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words and seal the book, *even* to the time of the end. Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Now, isn't that true? Has not knowledge increased? Was there ever a time when men ran to and fro as they do now? See them sweep past you on a bicycle like the wind. I preached one Sunday in Ireland, next Sunday in New York. That never was done until the last few years. Our fathers could not have done it.

Suppose that a man who died here a hundred years ago to day were to rise and come up out of the grave with all his faculties unimpaired, he would not know what world he was in. As he came out of the grave-yard, he would stop and say, "What are these irons? What does this mean?" "That is what they call a railroad." "A railroad? What is a railroad?" "Why, they have cars with iron rollers, and they will roll you to New York within five hours." "You don't think I believe that? It used to take days to go to New York." He looks up and sees a wire overhead and says, "What is that?"

"That is a telegraph wire." "I must have been asleep a long time!" "You have been gone a hundred years. That is something that has come in since you have been gone." "Telegraph! What is it?" "You can send a word to a man in New York, and get it there within a minute." "A minute to New York?" "Yes." "You don't think I believe that?" "Oh, yes, that is true." "But there is another wire. What is that?" "That is a telephone wire. You can not only send a dis-

patch, but you can talk to a man out in Chicago?" "Where is Chicago? I never heard of that." "It is a city about a thousand miles west of New York, with about a million and a half of people, that has sprung up since you have been gone." "And you say you can talk to a man in Chicago, and he will hear you? You don't think I believe that?" "You doubt it, do you? Well, you come with me, and I will let you speak to a man out there." I take him to the office, and he calls up a man a thousand miles away, and he says, "Hello! who are you?" "John Jones." "Where are you?" "In Chicago." He says, "That is incredible." I say: "I will tell you something more wonderful than that. You can send words three thousand miles under the water to Europe inside of a minute." "You can't make me believe that." "But it is a fact." Just then a boy comes along calling "New York *Tribune*." He says, "I would like to look at that." He takes up the *Tribune*. There are dispatches from every corner of the earth: from Hong Kong, Bombay, Calcutta and all around the world, brought right to his door for a penny or two. How knowledge has increased! "I would not know that this is the same world I left a hundred years ago," says the man.

Then he walks up this old town of Northfield, and he sees a magnificent library building. "There used to be an old fort there. Has this little town such a library as that?" Not only that; nearly every town in Massachusetts has a library. There are three hundred and twenty three towns, and there are three hundred and twenty public libraries in the State of Massachusetts." "Well," he says, "knowledge has increased. And are they free?" "Oh, perfectly free." And the man can hardly believe that he is in the same world. Just then—whizz! a man goes by on a bicycle. "My," he says, "what

is that?" "Only a bicycle." "Men run to and fro; knowledge shall increase."

Now I want to say here to-day that although knowledge has increased, and men run to and fro, *righteousness has not increased*, and in spite of our knowledge this fair nation will go to pieces just as Babylon went, just as Nineveh went, just as old Rome went, and just as other nations and other cities have gone, unless we have righteousness. The only thing that will save this nation is righteousness. A republican form of government can not exist without it. When man holds the balance of power and makes the laws, it is very easy to wreck the nation unless we have righteousness. What a day we are living in! What we want is every one of us to stand for the right, and anything we see that is going to hurt the nation we ought to fight; anything that is going to undermine this grand Republic and tear down its foundation is a thing that you and I ought to guard against with our tears and our prayers and our efforts.

There is another prophecy, and I do not want to forget that: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." Is that true? Does Daniel shine to-day? Daniel is shining still; he shines brighter this morning than ever in the history of the world.

Is not this also true of John Knox and John Wesley? Don't they shine brighter to-day than they ever shone? Doesn't Martin Luther shine to-day brighter than four hundred years ago? Doesn't that Bedford tinker shine brighter to-day than ever? Is the old Word true? What do you say? "They that be wise shall shine." God says it through His prophet Daniel, and it is true. They do shine, they are going to shine—they that be wise.

Young men, I am one of those who

are passing off. I feel as young as ever, but I know, and you know, that time just rolls on. Will you take a little advice? Listen: Make up your minds to-day that you are going to live for another world, not for this. Earthly honor, earthly fame—they are transient; life is too short. I was in Paris thirty-one years ago, and when Napoleon III. rode through the streets it seemed as if those Frenchmen lost their heads. It was cheer upon cheer, intense excitement. I was in the Exposition, and all at once it seemed as if every man around me went clean mad. An interpreter told me that the Prince Imperial, the little heir to the throne, was coming into the Exposition. That was in 1867. In 1871 the Emperor III. was in exile, and his body lies buried in England to-day. The glory had all gone in four short years. The Prince Imperial, a few years afterwards, died in Africa and his body has not been taken back to France. A little, narrow coffin—just a little house for the body that was once so influential that the stamp of his foot would make the nations tremble. But it all passed in a night, as it were. But Daniel shines on.

Napoleon I., II. and III., and the whole crowd have come and gone. That dynasty has begun and passed and gone, but Daniel shines on. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Man, step over earth's crown, and take the cross of Jesus Christ, and just go forth, and bear it a little while, and by and by He will say, "Go up there," and you will go, and shine forever. I thank God for this old Book—a "sure Word of prophecy." I believe it more and more as I go on. It is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path; I would to God I could get you men to believe it from cover to cover.

STRONG AS DEATH.—A STORY OF THE HUGUENOTS.

BY ELIZABETH ARROTT WELLS, AUTHOR OF "ST. ULRICH,"

"LOYAL TO THE KING," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

The seed of a single word
 Fell among the furrows deep,
 In their silent wintry sleep,
 And the sower never an echo heard.
 But the "Come!" was not in vain,
 For that germ of life and love,
 And the blessed Spirit's quickening rain
 Made a golden sheaf of precious grain
 For the Harvest Home above.

—F. R. H

THE next morning as the Lady Isabel watched Adrien's devotions in the chapel she felt well assured of his love and reverence for holy things. For the moment Adrien was carried back to his boyhood's faith. Beneath the pure influence of Aimee's presence his recent doubts and queries were all forgotten.

The service over, Father Augustine retired for his usual morning stroll, finally going to rest in a rose-covered bower where Lady Isabel and Marie frequently joined him. Soon Adrien appeared, evidently searching for something with much solicitude. As he approached the bower the priest called him.

"What have you lost, my dear son?" he inquired gently. "Perhaps I can help you."

"Help me, Father, in what way?" Adrien spoke guardedly.

"Do not fear. Trust me. For I believe your property now lies in my keeping;" and then as a sudden thought darted into his mind he added, "I must ask, however, that this little parcel be opened in my presence. Trust me," he repeated, as he drew it from beneath his robe and with trembling fingers proceeded to open it.

Adrien gazed for an instant into the clear grey eyes so kindly fixed upon him, and then answered slowly:

"Father Augustine, I do trust you; I will only say that I am as ignorant of its contents as yourself."

In another moment they had learned the secret—only a small book with musty, well-worn cover. Silently it was opened, but as Father Augustine's eyes rested on the fly leaf he fairly started with amazement, and the book slipped from his hand. It was eagerly snatched up by Adrien, who read aloud:

Paul Arnaud,

August 25, 1720.

"That among all He might have the pre-eminence."—Col. i, 18.

"Love is strong as death."—Song of Solomon viii, 6, and bore the date 1724.

The last quotation was written in much finer letters, evidently by a woman's hand.

"What means it, Father?" Adrien cried excitedly, observing the priest's emotion.

"This name is not unfamiliar to me, my child. But tell me, how came it into your possession?"

"By chance, Father, I discovered its owner as he lay dying on the plain. In pity I remained with him to the last. A band of troopers suddenly appeared and seized his effects. This little book was his, and I prize it as a memento of one of the noblest men I have ever met." The explanation was brief, and the final remark was spoken almost defiantly as he glanced at his questioner.

"It was a noble life, my son," calmly returned the good Father, "but still I must ask you to entrust this to my keeping." As the young man started forward in protest, he continued: "In return for your confidence I will tell you of the first and only time Paul Arnaud and I stood face to face."

Again that searching glance from Adrien's eyes fell upon the priest.

"Yes, Father, I will leave it with you, but only if you will preserve it most carefully."

"Thank you, my son. I promise that it shall be as you desire."

With what indignation Father Jerome would have listened to these words, so far below his ideal of a stern inflexible spiritual adviser!

"And now, Father, tell me all. He was a Huguenot?"

"Yes, a Huguenot! Would that he had remained true to the Church! For it was on the royal galley at Marseilles that we met. I had been sent to shrieve the miserable galley-slaves, most of them wretched criminals. There I found Paul Arnaud; his pure noble countenance a marked contrast to the crime-stained man beside him, who, seeking to win my favor, pointed contemptuously towards Paul Arnaud with the words, 'A Huguenot dog! holy Father.' With intense longing to deliver so noble a soul from such cruel bondage here and endless woe hereafter, I paused beside him. To all my arguments Paul Arnaud had a ready answer, and when I finally exclaimed, 'Oh, my poor friend, death slowly, surely approaches! Flee, ere it be too late, into the arms of the Church and find rest!' his answer rang out loud and clear, 'Know you not Him whose love is strong as death, and in His love is perfect rest?—even here; yes, even here!'"

Apparently he was oblivious of his auditor as memory brought back the long forgotten words.

"How well I remember it all—the signal for the resumption of work, the Huguenot's face of peace, and his last gentle whisper as he bent once more to his oar, 'Pity me not, my good friend; each stroke bears me nearer Home, nearer my Beloved.'"

"Surely his reason had fled!" ex-

claimed Adrien, to whom these words were unintelligible.

The question recalled Father Augustine to himself.

"His reason? Well may you think so, my son. Day and night chained to that bench, exposed to sun and rain, associated with the vilest of the vile, and knowing that he should never leave that seat but for the hospital or the grave, can we doubt that his reason tottered?"

"Surely, no one could long endure such bondage!"

"The young and the aged, I was told, soon succumbed, but the middle-aged lived thus for thirty or forty years. Paul Arnaud, it seems, was able to regain his freedom. By what strange chance we shall never know. What said he to you, my son?"

"His mind evidently wandered, Father. He spoke of some royal Master, of a message which must be delivered. His words were strange, but when he spoke of our gracious sovereign his loyalty clearly shone forth."

"I can well understand how few could bear the strain. Still, methinks," continued the priest musingly, "that with Paul Arnaud it was his association with the vile and abandoned which must have taken his reason, if not his life."

"It was, indeed, a merciful interposition that granted him this strange peace amid such surroundings," remarked Adrien, sadly. "Yes, though a cruel awakening must come at last."

As the little book was returned to its hiding place a slight crackling caused Adrien to turn quickly and discover a man stealthily approaching them through the thick shrubbery.

"Watched again!" he exclaimed impatiently, and then noticing his companion's glance of surprise, he added briefly, "Ignatius, the gardener! A spy of Father Jerome's doubtless!" For the moment he forgot whom he was addressing.

"My son!" cried Father Augustine reprovingly. Nevertheless a look of annoyance shot over his face as he also turned towards the intruder. Ignatius now came boldly forward.

"The Lady Isabel craves your presence with Therese, holy Father." Then to Adrien he said, "Has Monsieur any orders?"

"None," was the brief reply, and as Adrien moved slowly away with his aged companion he muttered angrily, "except to keep out of my way, minion."

Ignatius, with lowering brow, watched them for a moment, and then hastened to the castle. His impromptu errand needed further manoeuvring. Evidently he succeeded, for as Father Augustine entered the sick chamber he found Lady Isabel awaiting him.

"Our good Therese is strangely troubled, Father," she whispered; "some sad memory seems to distress her."

"My poor daughter," said the priest kindly, taking her hand, "have you not sought our Blessed Lady's help—the Mother of Sorrows?"

"Times without number, Father, but alas! strange thoughts mingled with my prayers, and I fear she hears them not. But, surely, from your lips they would reach her," and the fading eyes looked imploringly into the pitying ones beside her.

"Certainly, Therese; let us seek her blessed aid together;" and as the Lady Isabel knelt at the bedside of her faithful friend the good priest complied with her request.

"O Virgin most holy," he repeated in a voice trembling with emotion, "most certain hope of all those who hope in thee, receive this soul when it departs out of her body. We salute thee, sister of the angels, teacher of the apostles. We salute thee, strength of the martyrs. We beseech thee to help us in all our tribulations. Thou art the

pathway of the erring, the salvation of those who hope in thee. O our Lady, in thee have we put our trust; deliver us our Lady! Save us, O Mary, fountain of mercy! Let thy mercy take away the multitude of our sins and confer upon us an abundance of merits. All the earth doth worship thee, O Lady! To thee every angelic creature continually cries, 'O, holy, holy, Mary Mother of God!' Thou art the gate of paradise, the refuge of sinners, the Queen of heaven. Be pleased, O sweet Virgin Mary, to keep us without sin now and forever! Come unto her all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and she will give you rest!"*

His voice ceased. For a moment hope lighted up Therese's face, and her lips moved in prayer. Gradually the expression faded away, and seizing Lady Isabel's hand, she whispered, "Let me tell all. Raise me up, my dear Lady, that I may repeat the words that still drive all others from me. But my lady will not leave me."

"Remain, my daughter. Your presence will doubtless comfort our poor Therese. And now," he added gently to the sick woman, "fear not to speak freely—tell me all that troubles you."

Slowly, painfully, the story was told substantially as follows:

"It was just after my dear lady's terrible illness when she insisted upon my leaving the little ones to her care and going home to rest. Reaching Aigues Morte, I found my father had been appointed Chief-keeper of the Tower of Constance.†

"My mother said I should walk over to see him, taking with me certain provisions, new prisoners having just arrived. Strange stories about the gloomy

*Copied partly from a Roman Breviary printed in Paris in 1493, and partly from the "Psalter of Our Lady," written by Bonaventure, a man who is now himself a canonized saint in the Roman Catholic Church.

†Principal prison for Huguenot women.

old tower had often reached me, and now as I paced the long causeway and beheld it rising so grimly above the marshes, I was seized with a desire to experience, for a short time, the emotions of the prisoners within. I found my wish was to be gratified, for a blinding storm arose, making it impossible for me either to return home or even to reach the gatehouse. My father reluctantly left me in the lower of the two rooms, cautioning me to remain quietly where I was, as in the centre of the floor was a hole connected with an underground reservoir. How well I remember all! Sitting silently in the darkness—the room was almost without light or air—and realizing that eighteen feet of solid masonry lay between me and the outer world, a great horror stole over me, and I found myself repeating the dismal words over the gateway—'Banish hope, all ye who enter here.'

"Suddenly a low moan caused my very flesh to creep, and I cried out in terror. But a low sweet voice reassured me, and as my eyes became more used to the gloom I discovered that one of the prisoners, too weak to reach the upper apartment, was lying close beside me on the cold stone floor. In a few words she told me her story, and completely won my heart.

"I could not see her face, but I felt that it was beautiful. As she spoke so tenderly of the dear ones whom she must never see again I forgot all—forgot she was a heretic and, as Father Jerome afterwards told me, richly deserved her fate. Yes, I forgot all, and just took her in my arms and mingled my tears with hers. He said that it was a fearful sin; perhaps that is why no peace comes now in my dying hours! But then I could not do otherwise. When, however, I pointed her to our blessed Lady for consolation she quickly ceased her weeping, and even now it seems I hear her voice, 'My dear Mas-

ter, for whom I gladly suffer all,' she cried, 'forgive me these tears; Thou knowest our frames, rememberest that we are but dust!' and, clasping my hand tightly to her heart, she continued, 'My good friend, oh that I might repay your kindness! Let me, I pray you, place one jewel from my treasure-store forever in your keeping!'

"I thought the poor thing mad. Then out of the darkness the same clear sweet voice repeated these words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' Again and again she made me say them after her, and it was only when my father's key once more sounded in the lock that she stopped and asked, 'Who are you, my friend? Where is your home?'

"'From Beaumont Castle,' I began, but never finished my sentence, for the poor lady had swooned away. My father hurried me off, as the storm had ceased; and though I never saw her again, yet her words long troubled me and brought me many a severe penance. Why is it, Father, that this 'jewel,' as she called it, now again fills my mind and hinders me in my cry to heaven?'

Poor Therese fell back exhausted, but her eyes were fixed with an agonized gaze upon the priest.

Father Augustine met her mute appeal with contending emotions. Suddenly his fine countenance lighted up with some high resolve, and he requested to be left alone with the dying woman. An hour later, when Lady Isabel re-entered the room, she found Therese too weak to speak, but evidently peace had come at last to her troubled heart. Father Augustine's counsels had not been in vain.

A few days later, as her beloved lady bent tenderly over her, the aged lips slightly moved; stooping lower she caught the words, "Precious blood—all, all sin." Then with a faint sigh her spirit passed away.

Hastily priest and household were summoned, but it was too late. The last rites of the Church could not be administered, and to the Lady Isabel and Marie this was a dire calamity. Many tears mingled with their prayers for her soul's repose, while for months to come masses were recited in her behalf in the little village chapel.

CHAPTER VI.

The ills we see,
The mysteries of sorrow deep and long,
The dark enigmas of permitted wrong,
Have all one key;

This strange, sad world is but our Father's school;

All chance and change His love shall grandly overrule. —F. R. H.

As August 24th drew near much excitement prevailed in the quiet valley, for Father Jerome had always made the Festival of St. Bartholomew a special high day and holiday at Beaumont.

In the castle also this day was hailed with joy. Only one heart silently rebelled against it—that of Lady Isabel—and it was not unknown to the vigilant Father. This fact, however, rather added to the priest's pleasure in his efforts to fill all hearts with exultation over the downfall of heresy.

This year, Father Augustine being too feeble to descend to the chapel, the village priest had full charge of the services.

No one in the little congregation had so passionate a love for the Church or bore a greater hatred to all who were hostile to her than Marie de Beaumont, whose hands had decorated the chapel altar with its wealth of floral beauty.

As the service was about to begin all were surprised to see Father Jerome appear with the officiating priest and take his old place in the chancel. Had he returned to reinstate himself in the castle? This most unwelcome thought seriously interfered with the Lady Isabel's devotions, while Adrien vowed for

Aimee's sake to bear patiently with his old confessor.

The Thanksgiving service which Pope Gregory had commanded nearly two centuries before, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, was faithfully carried out. As the *Te Deum* pealed forth from the choir Adrien glanced at his sister. Certainly there could be no doubt as to her keen enjoyment, but as his eyes fell upon the Lady Isabel he saw that she did not share the enthusiasm of the other worshipers. "Aimee's loving heart suffers even for these slaughtered Huguenots," was his silent comment as he watched the pale countenance and sternly compressed lips.

"One hundred thousand souls ushered without warning into eternal fires!" was the terrible thought which presented itself to Lady Isabel's mind and caused her soul to shudder.

Ah, if she had but known that ever since that dread St. Bartholomew's day these very souls had been joining in an eternal *Te Deum*—even unto Him who had loved them and washed them from their sins in His own blood!

Finally the long service ended; the party from the castle wended their homeward way.

"Well, Marie," remarked Adrien as they strolled slowly along, "my furlough will soon expire, and we are in for another long separation, unless the queen of the fairies can keep her promise."

"Yes, dear," she answered laughingly, "I remember my threat, but alas, I fear royal orders are more potent than any spell of mine! But, Adrien, let me tell you," she added impetuously, "what gives me the greatest consolation for your departure. It came to me during this morning's service—doubtless from our blessed Lady herself"—Marie crossed herself devoutly as she proceeded—"that although absent from us, you will be employed in such a noble work against those rebel heretics

who are forever disturbing the peace of the Church. It is a most holy cause, dearest, is it not?"

So far Adrien had successfully avoided all conversation on this subject, but now he must speak.

"What do you know of these Huguenots, my dear sister?" he asked carelessly. "Have any of the species reached Beaumont?"

"The saints forbid!" she cried, "but Father Jerome has often described them. I know well their utter depravity, and can well imagine their faces, distorted by violence and crime. But tell me, my brother, have you ever met any?"

"Yes, Marie, I have come across a few in my travels. They differ from each other as all men do."

"Yes, yes, Adrien," said Marie eagerly, "but even the very best of them must be utterly repulsive to the sight. Describe me such an one. What did he resemble?"

"Well," Adrien spoke deliberately, a sudden light flashing in his dark eyes as he continued, "the one of whom you wish to hear resembled no one so much as our good Father Augustine."

"Oh, Adrien!" was all Marie could answer, and the silence was unbroken until they reached the castle gateway.

"Marie, if you wished to hear the truth, I could only answer as I have done. Was I not right?"

"I cannot understand, Adrien," replied Marie in rather a bewildered voice, "but—"

"Tell it all to Father Augustine, and I am sure he will make it right," with which precautionary measure Adrien dismissed the subject from his mind, and ran lightly down the mountain path to make an engagement with Gaspard for a shooting expedition on the morrow.

In the meantime Father Jerome was having a serious conversation with Lady Isabel.

"Yes, my daughter," he was saying, "I have come to Beaumont to sound a warning note. The trail of the serpent is everywhere visible. Where we thought heresy had been effectually destroyed, we find it merely sleeping, and we know not how far the pestilence may spread if not properly treated. All may take part in the holy cause."

"Why, Father," exclaimed his startled listener, "surely we are safe in Beaumont!"

"For the present it may be so, but—" and the priest's face darkened with anger, "woe to him who first brings heresy within these walls, or fails to report its presence!"

"Father Augustine ever keeps his watchful eye upon us," returned the lady more calmly, "and we will trust above all to the protection of our blessed Lady to whom our valley is especially dedicated."

"Doubtless Father Augustine does all in his power, Lady Isabel," returned the other with a peculiar smile, "but his extreme age and feebleness warn me that a word of caution would not be amiss."

He did not say, however, that the aged confessor was only permitted to remain in the castle lest a successor might prove less amenable to his orders or resent interference in various matters which Father Jerome still wished to keep under his own control.

"Shut up as you are in this peaceful valley," continued the priest complacently, "I felt that you could little realize what troublesome times we are in, and so, obedient to our blessed Lady's command, 'Give them warning from me,' I come."

"Do you desire to speak to the household upon this subject, Father?" Evidently Lady Isabel wished to close the discussion.

"Such is my intention, my daughter, and with Father Augustine's consent I

would have all assemble in the chapel at eight o'clock. See that none are absent," and Father Jerome departed to have a confidential interview with Ignatius and to receive his report of the last few months.

At mid-day a message came to Lady Isabel that Adrien and Gaspard had decided to start off at once on their shooting excursion, and would not return until late in the evening.

Not long after the sun, which had been shining so brightly, suddenly withdrew and heavy thunder clouds rolled threateningly over head. Two anxious faces looked forth from the casement window, for such a storm at Beaumont ever carried dire destruction in its path, and where were the young sportsmen?

When summoned to the chapel to hear Father Jerome's parting admonitions (for he was to leave at sunrise) the two watchers reluctantly obeyed, but the fierce gale which soon raged without eclipsed all other sounds, and little of the discourse reached their ears.

"Listen!" the priest exclaimed as a crashing thunder-bolt seemed to shake the castle to its very foundations. "Listen! it is the voice of God! Be faithful or you shall perish with the wretched Huguenots whom you so worthily despise!" But he abruptly ceased, for as clap succeeded clap the people grew panic-stricken and unable to hear his words. With a hasty benediction he left the little company to their fears, and sought the chamber of Father Augustine.

The Lady Isabel, however, could not leave her faithful retainers alone in their terror. Passing from one to the other, speaking words of faith and good cheer, her very presence soothed and encouraged them until finally they dispersed to their various apartments.

"Oh, Aimee! Aimee!" cried Marie as they were left alone in the dimly

lighted chapel, "what has happened to Adrien? Can nothing be done?"

"Not before morning I fear, dearest; but Gaspard is with him, and you know," she added lightly, though her heart misgave her, "two heads are always better than one. Doubtless they both have found shelter, and are now impatiently waiting for the storm to cease."

With such reassuring words Lady Isabel at last succeeded in calming Marie's fears and inducing her to seek repose.

No sooner, however, did Marie fall asleep than Lady Isabel hastened to the chapel to pass the night in urgent prayers for Adrien's safety.

Long before sunrise the storm ceased, but the lonely suppliant stirred not from her place until she heard the preparations making for Father Jerome's departure. As he was about to start she appeared, pale and weary, to say farewell.

"You have had a sad vigil, my daughter," said the priest in parting, "but fear not, be true to our blessed Lady and she will be true to you—yea, and no evil shall befall your dwelling. Farewell, but remember!" and a stern light shone from his eye as he strode quickly away, which boded no good to any who defied his power.

No sooner had he disappeared than Lady Isabel summoned the men of her household and desired them to set forth immediately to search for the missing ones.

"To you, my good Antoine," she concluded, turning to a fine looking man by her side whose face was alive with keen anxiety, "to you I leave the leadership of the band. Do not return, I beg of you, without good news of our boys."

Antoine, once the baron's favorite attendant, and now his daughter's most trusted servitor, held out his hand insi-

lent acceptance of his lady's trust, and beckoning to his comrades he hastened to obey.

Gaspard was Antoine's only son, but no less dear was the young master, whose childhood he had watched over with almost parental solicitude and affection, and whom now he regarded with so much pride.

After the departure of the rescue party all Lady Isabel's fortitude forsook her and, sinking into a chair, she yielded to the emotion which seemed to tare her very heart asunder.

Thus Father Augustine found her.

"Have faith in God, my dear child," he murmured tenderly; "He is a safe refuge in the time of trouble."

"Surely no one could survive the perils of that storm; and oh," she cried passionately, "I thought a brighter day was dawning. Again a cruel retribution blights my dearest hopes."

"Certainly, my daughter, the good God knows your heart," was the priest's reply, "and have you not done all in your power to retrieve the step so ignorantly taken? Who knows what blessed results are yet to follow? At least two immortal souls have been rescued from eternal death"—there was a strange hesitation in his voice, however, which for an instant caught Lady Isabel's attention.

"Thus Father Jerome ever strove to comfort me," she said, "and I grew so weary of his words! Oh, for some new, true comfort which would give the rest which for twenty years I have been seeking in vain! Peace, Father, it is peace with God and man I crave!"

Plainly the sorrowful past had quite banished the impending blow from her mind.

"And yet, my daughter, our Lord is saying 'Peace I leave with you: My peace I give unto you.' See! it is the gift of God. Take it and leave the past with Him."

This was indeed new, strange teaching, but it seemed wonderfully sweet to his troubled hearer.

"Yet, Father," she began, "is it not —" but she abruptly ceased; her quick ear had heard Marie's voice calling her name. Instantly her face changed. Springing up and placing a silver whistle to her lips, she summoned an attendant.

"Assure Mlle. Marie that as soon as news arrives I will bring it to her. Until then it is my desire that she continue to rest quietly."

As Ursula hastened to obey Lady Isabel remarked, "My darling must not see my tear-stained face; though," she added with a sad smile, "it would indeed be for the very first time."

"My poor child," was all her aged friend could say, for this new glimpse of the lady's heart told plainly of her life's agony. And as he looked wonderingly into the now calm, sweet face he realized the deep despair which for a moment had torn asunder the veil with which she had so long hidden her pain from mortal eye. The discipline of years now did good service, and Lady Isabel was once more mistress of herself.

"Father, will you come with me to the watch-tower? We can there catch the first glimpse of our party's return."

Giving him her arm she gently helped him up the steep stairway. No words of sympathy were needed; she knew his heart, and his very presence quieted and comforted her. Thus silently they watched together for many hours.

Above in her little chamber Marie implored the help of saint and angel, resolved to remain before her crucifix until news of the missing ones arrived.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOUND VOLUME FOR 1897.

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THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

FATHER O'CONNOR'S LETTERS TO CARDINAL GIBBONS.

FIFTH SERIES.

III.

NEW YORK, September, 1898.

SIR:—The war with Spain is over. It lasted only three months and three weeks—from April 21 to August 12. Here are some of the important dates:

January 24, 1898.—The battleship *Maine* was ordered to Havana. The Spaniards in Cuba assigned her to a station in the harbor, though they were not pleased at her visit.

February 9 —A letter from the Spanish minister at Washington, De Lôme, was published in which he reviled President McKinley while receiving favors from him and from our Government. The letter was to a Spanish journalist, but was captured by the Cubans. Next day he resigned.

February 15.—The *Maine* was destroyed at night in the harbor of Havana, and in a moment 266 of our sailors were hurled into eternity. You, Cardinal, said at the time that the foul deed was the work of "fiendish Cubans," or of some "fanatical Spaniard." But no; it was the work of the Spanish officials in Cuba who had assigned our battleship to a station directly over a mine which they exploded. Only experts could do such work, and it was done by Spanish officers, who at a banquet next day exulted over the awful crime. A thrill of horror ran through the American Nation and the cry of "Vengeance!" was heard from millions of our citizens.

[I may say in passing that the chaplain of the *Maine* was a Roman Catholic priest named Chidwick, who had been assistant at St. Stephen's Church, New York, where the unhappy Father Edward McGlynn had been pastor. All of the officers and three-fourths of the men on the *Maine* were Protestants, and of the 266 who went down to that frightful, awful death 83 were members of a lodge of Freemasons which held its meetings on board the ship, and of which Lieutenant Jenkins was the senior warden. A memorial service for these murdered men was held in Masonic Temple, New York, in June, when an address was delivered by a prominent lawyer of this city. You, Cardinal, and your priests had "high masses" for the men of the *Maine*, thereby giving the impression that they were all Roman Catholics. That was a characteristic deception. Priest Chidwick and the Roman Catholic bishop of Havana recited the funeral service of your Church over the bodies of the victims of Spanish treachery as if they had been Roman Catholics. That was another characteristic deception. A bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. Fitzgerald, was present in Havana at the time of the funeral, having landed in that city from South America the morning after the destruction of the *Maine*, but he was not asked—or permitted?—to offer prayer or say a word over the remains of our poor sailors. Bishop Fitzgerald has made

no public statement on the subject; but all who know how intolerant your Church is are aware of the fact that he or any other Protestant minister would not be allowed to take part in a service in a Catholic country where a Roman bishop officiated. But, thank God, times are changed in Cuba, and a Protestant bishop is now a bigger man there than a Roman prelate. The Spanish flag has come down and the Stars and Stripes have been raised aloft. But I am anticipating the events of the war.]

March 8.—Congress votes unanimously and without debate \$50,000,000 to be used by President McKinley at his discretion.

March 26.—The United States Board of Inquiry reported that the Maine was blown up by an external mine.

April 11.—President McKinley sends his message to Congress stating that Cuba must be free and that Spain should give up that island.

April 20.—Our Government sent its ultimatum to Spain.

April 21.—Spain declared war by sending our Minister, General Woodford, his passports.

April 23.—President McKinley called for 125,000 volunteers, and his call was promptly answered. The same day England declared her neutrality, and Spain appealed for the intervention of the powers of Europe. This influence was also sought by the Pope in behalf of Spain, but no power dared to interfere after England had shown her sympathy for the United States. You, Cardinal, and Archbishop Ireland and the Jesuits in this country, knowing what the consequences would be to Spain, resorted to every means to avert war in the first instance, and when that was rendered impossible by the blindness and madness of the Spanish, the cry of "Treason" that was raised against "foreign intervention" made you all shrink into sullen silence.

May 1.—A memorable day. Admiral Dewey, who had sailed from Hong Kong with the American squadron, demolished the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay. Eleven Spanish warships were completely destroyed, while not a man or ship of the Americans was injured. It was the greatest naval victory in history.

May 4.—The American battleships under Admiral Sampson sailed from Key West to meet Admiral Cervera's Spanish fleet, which reached Santiago de Cuba and was there "bottled up" on May 24.

May 25.—President McKinley called for 75,000 more volunteers, and the best young men of America responded.

June 4.—Lieutenant Hobson of the American Navy, with a volunteer crew of seven men, sunk the collier Merrimac in Santiago harbor, shutting in Cervera's fleet.

June 20.—American troops under General Shafter landed in Cuba, near Santiago.

July 1.—General assault on Santiago by our Army and Navy. Roosevelt Rough Riders distinguished themselves.

July 3.—A most memorable day. Admiral Cervera's fleet made a dash for liberty from Santiago harbor and was completely destroyed by our warships. It was as great a victory as Dewey's. Hundreds of Spanish sailors were killed, while our loss was only one man. Dewey did not lose a man at Manila.

The crews of our ships rescued from drowning the Spanish sailors who had not been killed and supplied them with food and clothing.

July 6.—President McKinley issued a proclamation of thanksgiving to Almighty God for victories. [If the Spaniards had the least success by land or sea they would give thanks to the "Virgin and saints." That is one of the differences between the United States and Roman Catholic countries.]

July 14.—Surrender of Santiago to the American army under Generals Miles and Shafter.

July 17.—The American flag is raised over Santiago.

July 25.—General Miles with troops landed at Porto Rico, meeting no resistance.

July 26.—Spain asked for peace.

August 12.—The peace protocol between this country and Spain was signed at the White House, and President McKinley proclaimed a suspension of hostilities. Spain surrenders all her colonies in the Western Hemisphere and the most important of the Philippine Islands.

August 13.—Manila surrendered to Admiral Dewey and General Merritt. That was the end of the war, the shortest and most important in history. Now the Roman Church will seek to prevent the extension of American civilization and Christianity in our newly acquired possessions, and for this purpose Archbishop Ireland has again gone to Washington. But the American people will not permit the interference of your Church in this matter.

Yours truly,

JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

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THE POPE'S SOLILOQUY.

It was evening, and a dim light burned in the chamber of the Vatican where Pope Leo XIII. lay ill and suffering.

Alas! said he, I feel my life ebbing away, and as I survey the past I find no comfort in the thoughts that course through my weary brain. I said at the beginning of the war between the United States and Spain that it would kill me. Poor Spain, the most Catholic nation of the world, my pet child! Why did I not prevent her from going to war? When they persisted in their mad course, why did I not threaten the Spaniards with excommunication? The Queen Regent daily solicited my blessing, and, weak, foolish man that I am, I did not refuse her request. If I had known what the result would be I would not only have refused to bless her and her advisers, but I would have warned them of the fate that awaited them. They deceived me, even while they said I was infallible. They said their navy was more powerful than that of the United States, and that they had an army of 500,000 men, while the despised Americans—the "Yankee pigs," as they called them—had no army at all.

And the American bishops deceived me. For years they had been boasting of the conquest of the United States by my Church; America was becoming Catholic; Gibbons and Ireland were the great men in that country. Every day a sackful of papers came to me with the eulogies of those prelates printed in the most conspicuous columns. If they had told

the truth I would have warned Spain against going to war with that country. But they did not. Ah! if I could only punish them. Oh! for the power that some of my predecessors wielded. But if I should rebuke those American bishops they might raise the standard of revolt and defy me; and what could I do then? No one knows what those Americans might do. Even the Catholics who breathe the air of that country manifest a spirit of independence that ill accords with their allegiance to me. I cannot trust Gibbons, Ireland and others of that stamp. The cry of "Americanism" which they have been shouting these years past may have unconsciously influenced them to desire to be real Americas instead of my subjects. The Jesuits had warned me against such men, but I was anxious to pose as a "liberal" myself, and I said I saw no danger from "Americanism." Now I see I was mistaken. The American spirit has seized upon the whole people of that country, and when their President said he wanted an army and navy to fight Spain, they all rose up as one man and cried, "You shall have the men, and the money, too!" and forces assembled on the land and sprang up from the sea as if by magic.

I had no idea of the resources of that country. I thought the people there were largely composed of the poor, the illiterate, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, the peasantry and unskilled workers that went from every European country; and I said to myself, surely such a people cannot compete with the chivalry of Spain in feats of arms. I did not know, I did not think it possible, that those emigrants and their children could become Americans like the original stock, enterprising, skilful, brave, independent, moulded into the very life of the nation. But that, it seems, is what has occurred. I did not know it, nor did the other rulers of Europe. The Americans were looked upon as uncivilized, without refinement or culture, wholly devoted to making money and to politics of a low order. They had no diplomats such as we have here. Indeed, they admired me and eulogized me because they thought I was a great diplomat. They had no history as we understand it. But they are now making history so fast they care nothing for the past. They had no religion, at least not the true one, for even with all the emigrants from countries which render me allegiance that have poured into the United States, my subjects there do not amount to one-eighth of the population. Millions of souls have been lost to my Church in that country. And the bishops kept me in ignorance of the true state of affairs. Now I know what America is; but the knowledge has come to me and to my dear Spain too late.

Poor Spain! What will become of her now? By this war she is deprived of her colonial possessions. What a great, powerful nation she was, and how she has fallen! What is the cause of her decline and fall? Could it be the Inquisition, or bull fights, or illiteracy—only 20 per cent. of the people can read or write—or moral degeneracy? Whichever be the cause, the Americans have given her the finishing blow, and there is no hope of her recovery. And the condition of my Church in that country? Oh! I cannot bear to think of it. I fear, however, my Church will suffer most in the United States where the people will think that my religion does not produce great or good men. My heart is broken. I will now seek rest in sleep.

